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MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
AT SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
(Payable in Advance.)

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
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All communications of a personal character, will be charged
for at advertisement rates.
All communications must be accompanied by the names of
the authors, and rejected communications cannot be returned.

We begin to-day the publication of a curious and what, we think, will prove a most interesting and exciting narrative, purporting to be a translation from the Spanish, by our friend and former Associate, WILLIAM F. CARNE, esp., which will introduce scenes and characters familiar to many of our older citizens, and solve several of the "local mysteries," which have, up to this time, remained unexplained.

The first chapter, being a mere introduction, conveys but a faint idea of the interest and true merit of the narrative.

A WONDERFUL

NARRATIVE OF OLD ALEXANDRIA.

MURDER WILL OUT.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., July 10, 1866.

Edgar Snowden, Jr., esp.

DEAR SIR: The "Narrative of John Trust," which I enclose, was handed me for publication by an attaché of one of the Spanish-American Legations in Washington very shortly after the close of March, 1859, with the request that I should translate and publish it in some Alexandria newspaper. My scant knowledge of Spanish compelled me to proceed slowly with the translation; meanwhile the political horizon clouded up, and twelve days after I had finished an English paraphrase of the original, the thought and the opportunity of publication, very soon after, the war stopped all further progress. I have now, however, been able to complete the translation, and I have the honor to send it to you, to test the correctness of the narrative, and I owe it to candor to say that the memories of old inhabitants, the newspaper files, and John Trust's narrative, given below, are in perfect accord in respect to all the facts mentioned, likely to have come to public notice, then. Indeed, if the main facts which Trust relates—his arrival here, and the circumstances attending his wife's death, in 1816—the murder of 1821—and his re-appearance here in 1857, were not sustained by popular memory, or the newspaper notices made at the time, I should have left the narrative unpublished. I have, in many cases, appended notes, showing the local authority which corroborates the narrative; for I do not intend that its credibility shall rest on my voucher, and in sending it to you I distinctly avow that if proofs of its credibility, are not found in the narrative itself, and the well known circumstances which it relates, they are found nowhere else.

Very Truly, Wm. F. CARNE.

THE NARRATIVE AND CONFESSION OF JOHN TRUST.

CHAPTER I.

I am an old man now, and I feel the hand of death grasping colder and colder about my heart. I long to lay this weary body in its mother earth, and to let my jaded spirit, worn with a life struggle, sleep, for awhile, beside the eternal fountains. Yet before I go forth to judgment, I would write with faltering hand, the story of an erring existence, and call up in the necromancy of imagination, even as I have done in the necromancy of art, the spirits of the buried hopes and loves that were the companions of my young existence.

Let none smile at these as dreams of an old man's dotage; this body bent under the weight of twice the years my age ought to carry; even the decrepit letters that record these confessions bear witness for the record, and though the calm which is upon me nowilly accords with the experience I relate; yet, in the spirit of penitence, I submit it to the world, a thank-offering to the goodness that has delivered me, and a warning voice, raised up in season against the erring powers, which, my past experience teaches, are soon to lead the world astray with lying wonders.

I am of English blood. My mother died in the old house at Truro, in Cornwall, having shortly before given me life and a twin sister. She bequeathed by poverty to the charities of British law, I never knew the warmth of a father's kiss, or caught the soft light of a mother's smile. No dainty food, warm from the life-blood of affection, moistened my infant lips, no sweet lullaby soothed my baby slumbers. Hired nurses cared for us; paid officials supervised us; Boards of Visitors, lay and clergy, patted our little heads and said "be good boys." Doubtless reports were made to Parliament about us—but we little children, as we were, loved no one, and no one loved us. We grew up by routine and nurtured by system, and grew up so artificially that the pale lady who marched amid the stately columns of that old prison house of charity had little in common with other little children, except their human nature. Never were human beings more glimmering memories of other days—a smile, a kiss, a passing kindness, or death had brought them hither. I alone was blank to all but the human mechanism into which they cradled me. No I grew for four years.

At length a French gentleman—a philosopher—be called himself—passing through the system, declared himself delighted by my ready answers, and at his desire, I was permitted to accompany him to America. My previous discipline fitted me for the easy acquisition of his language, and long before the effects of the Republic met my eye, I was considerably proficient in it. We had a long voyage. My winning manners and quick capacity for the theme of admiration among all on board. I did not know what were the intentions of my guardian when he first took me from the ship, but he had not been long on shipboard before a project, which, perhaps, he had dimly conceived in the beginning, was matured. I became the victim of a singular whim, to which, more than to all else, I attribute my subsequent checkered career.

Disdaining himself all the restraints imposed by religion upon the human intellect, and having experienced the impossibility of totally subduing the impressions of his childhood, he determined that I should be totally free, at least, to form my own sentiments. The capes of Chesapeake Bay came in view, after we had

been forty-seven days on the ocean. A week afterwards my feet touched terra firma at Alexandria, one of three towns which compose the District of Columbia—the seat of federal power in the American Confederacy. Little did I imagine when I first caught sight of its steeples, gleaming in the summer sun, how much of my life would be worked out beneath the shadow of its roof-trees, and how dear its stony pathways would one day become to me. Letters of introduction from gentlemen of the highest distinction in France, soon placed my guardian on a footing of easy familiarity in the most cultivated society of the federal metropolis and its vicinity—a region remarkable for social advantages. With a view of supervising my education, he domiciled himself at the mansion of Mr. H.—a home, as eminent for social refinement as for a lavish hospitality, which showed that Alexandria had once been a portion of the open-handed commonwealth of Virginia. The mansion was a pleasant one. It had been built of stone, in the old style, at a period long anterior to the severance of Virginia from the mother country, and years before stood in the midst of broad acres, though at the period of which I write, it was shorn of its ancient regality; a quiet, socially-peopled town had grown up around, and a grassy court yard in the front, walled in from the street and shaded by handsome poplars, was all that was left of its broad domain. Before it lay the town market, at the end of which rose a plain brick inn. In the rear there was half an acre enclosed, from which a hill descended towards a few acres redeemed from the river and dotted with small tenements. Within gunshot, the beautiful Potomac rolled on towards the sea, while on either side of the mansion, the town spread out to a considerable distance, reaching on the north, half a mile and stretching southward until its course was arrested by a small arm of the river, along which the inhabitants had erected rustic pleasure grounds, that were the festive haunts of the growing village. My chamber was a small one and could be entered only through another room, which was assigned to my guardian—Both faced the East, and gave a view of the running river.

My guardian was always kind. My wishes were even anticipated, and of the material comforts and luxuries of life I wanted nothing. But his language and his deportment towards me was without sign of affection, and I soon perceived that he did not love me. I naturally sought solace at the hands of the two amiable ladies of the house. They would have grown fond of me, yearning as my young heart was for sympathy and love, but my guardian evidently looked with ill-concealed chagrin upon their tenderness, and shortly after took occasion to desire that I should be treated as a stranger by every one of the household. He was persistent in this, and after not a little difficulty, saw his wishes in this respect completely gratified. I have said he took charge of my education. All the knowledge which man has gathered from the physical world; all his achievements in mathematics and the exact sciences were unfolded to my awakened mind. An historical sketch of the world's progress, prepared especially for my use, formed a portion of my studies, but religion, ethics and morals were rudely excluded from entering, in any form, into his system of instruction, and I was left to my nature for guidance.

It was more completely to secure this latter purpose, that my guardian exercised his unrivalled ability in keeping me aloof from the rest of mankind. It surprises me now to think of the readiness of expedient with which, without offence, he baffled every attempt to be familiar with me. Now, when I know that he was an atheist, experimenting in body and soul, I can appreciate his purpose, and my heart yet aches, as I remember my joyless childhood—I cannot curse him, for I know he intended to be kind. Wandering through the quiet old house, resting on the shaded chamber, overlooking the shining Potomac, listening to the teaching of my guardian in his chamber; strolling at rare intervals through the streets of the thrifty town, or rambling with my guardian on the wooded slopes which over top the town, or on the green banks of the river—and what, perhaps, for several years, was my best enjoyment, reclining on the roof of a porch, on the rear of the mansion, and reading, watching the bright river and dreaming life away. I was not happy. Far from it! Year after year, without God and without love. Throw yourself upon your knees, reader, and thank God for the holy teachings of your mother's lips; the blessed heart-fire kindled by a mother's eye; fold your hands again, as she taught you—in prayer, for I know how much gratitude you owe to Him, who has spared you from a frozen childhood such as mine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORE NEW GOODS.

We have this day received a large addition to our stock, consisting in part of Embroidered and Checked Grenadines, Grenadine Berages, Mozambique, 8-4 French Muslin, Black and Colored Muslins, Bombazines and Alpaca, 8-4 Black Berages, 8-4 Grenadines and 8-4 Gro. De Amours, Black Gro Grain and Taffeta Silks, Organdies, Lawns, Percals, Fancy and Mourning Calicoes, Brown and White Linen, Drills and Ducks, Counterpanes, Brown and Black Sheetings and Shirting Cottons, Virginia Midling and French Combeds, Cloths, &c., &c. Many of these goods will be sold at greatly reduced prices. J. WITMER & SLAYMAKER.

LAMPS, LAMP GOODS & OIL.

WM. COGAN, 15, North Royal Street, offers for sale Lamps in great variety, from the little Tom Thumb, to the most magnificent Parlor Lamp; Cut, Ground and Plain Globes; Chimneys, all kinds and sizes, Brushes, Wick, and all other goods in the trade, at the most reasonable prices. Special attention is called to large lot of Stand Lamps just received, purchased at extremely low figures, and offered at corresponding rates. All who want real bargains in handsome Parlor and Table Lamps had better come quickly. mh 8-4

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

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ORANGE & ALEXANDRIA RAIL ROAD,

FOR BOTH THROUGH FREIGHT AND PASSENGERS.

The Steamers of the Line are first class vessels. They will leave our wharf every SATURDAY, and Pier 13, North River, New York, every WEDNESDAY. Punctuality of departure can be relied on.

The Passenger accommodations are unexcelled.

The advantage to Shippers by this line is greater than any other, owing to its making connection with the Orange and Alexandria Railroad for all Through Freights to points on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad—goods being sent immediately through upon arrival.

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On and after FRIDAY, the 16th instant, a

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Leave Washington daily at 6.25 a. m., and Alexandria at 7.15 a. m., arriving at Lynchburg at 5.00 p. m., connecting with the Virginia and Tennessee train leaving Lynchburg at 5.30 p. m.

Leave Lynchburg at 7.10 a. m.; arrive at Alexandria at 4.45 p. m., and at Washington at 6.00 p. m.

This road is attractive, not only for its comfortable accommodations, but for the fact that it passes the now historic localities of Fairfax, Bull Run, Manassas, Bristoe, Catlett's, Rappahannock, Culpeper, Orange and Gordonsville, places of imperishable interest in the popular mind.

Through tickets to all points south and southwest may be taken in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and at the offices of the road in Washington and Alexandria.

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Returning, will leave Alexandria every

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andria, Va., respectfully offers his professional

services to the citizens of this city and vicinity.

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The bar and table always supplied with the

choice WINE of every variety and malt and

spirituous LIQUORS. Norfolk, mh 23-4f

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A. B. MILLER, Proprietor.

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RE-FITTED AND RE-FURNISHED,

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WITMER & SLAYMAKER,

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Clothing Trimmed and made in the best man-

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Quick and Neat.

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He respectfully solicits a call from his old

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